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draft



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Chapter 1 by Thomas Varra

The Official fixates himself next to the track, "Runner's set your blocks." I hear the others clank their blocks into the right position, adrenaline rushes through my body. *I'm ready.* The deep voice of the Official rises again, "Runner's on your mark!" *Deep breath.* My feet clash with the ground, power surging through them. My spikes rip through the red flushed track with what seems to be ease. *Arms, high knees, eyes up, arms, high knees, eyes up.* Breathe. I hear someone's footsteps nearing me, 200 meters left

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